Then be my passions bottomlesse with them,
Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
VVhen heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea waxe mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighs doth flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be mooued with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drownd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them,
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomacks with their bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messenger. VVorthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two Noble sonnes,
And heres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefe, their sports: Thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death.
Marcus. Now let hote Ætna coole in Cycilie,
And be my hart an euerburning hell:
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flowted at, is double death.
Lucius. Ah that this sight should make so deepe a wound
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,

VVhere

VVhere life hath no more interest but to bre
Marcus. Alas poore hart, that kisse is co
As frozen water to a starued snake.
Titus. VVhen will this fearefull slumber h
Mar. Now farewell flattrie, die *Andron*
thou dost not slumber, see thy two sonnes h
thy warlike hand, thy mangled Daughter h
thy other banisht sonne with this deere sigh
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brothe
Euen like a stony image cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controwle thy greefs
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand,
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal
The closing vp of our most wretched eies:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
M. VVhy dost thou laugh? It fits not wi
Titus. VVhy. I haue not another teare to
Beside this sorrow is an enemie,
And would vsurpe vpon my watrie eies,
And make them blinde with tributarie teare
Then which way shall I find Reuenges Cau
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to m
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throats that hath commited th
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people cirkle me about.
That I may turne mee to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wro
The vow is made. Come brother take a hea
And in this hand the other will I beare,
And *Lauinia* thou shalt be imployde in thes
Beare thou my hand sweet wench between
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight